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ON A FAST TRAIN THROUGH TEXAS

BY
IRV
OTT



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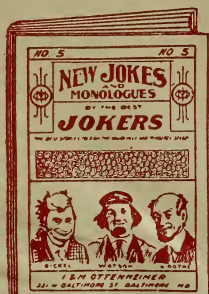
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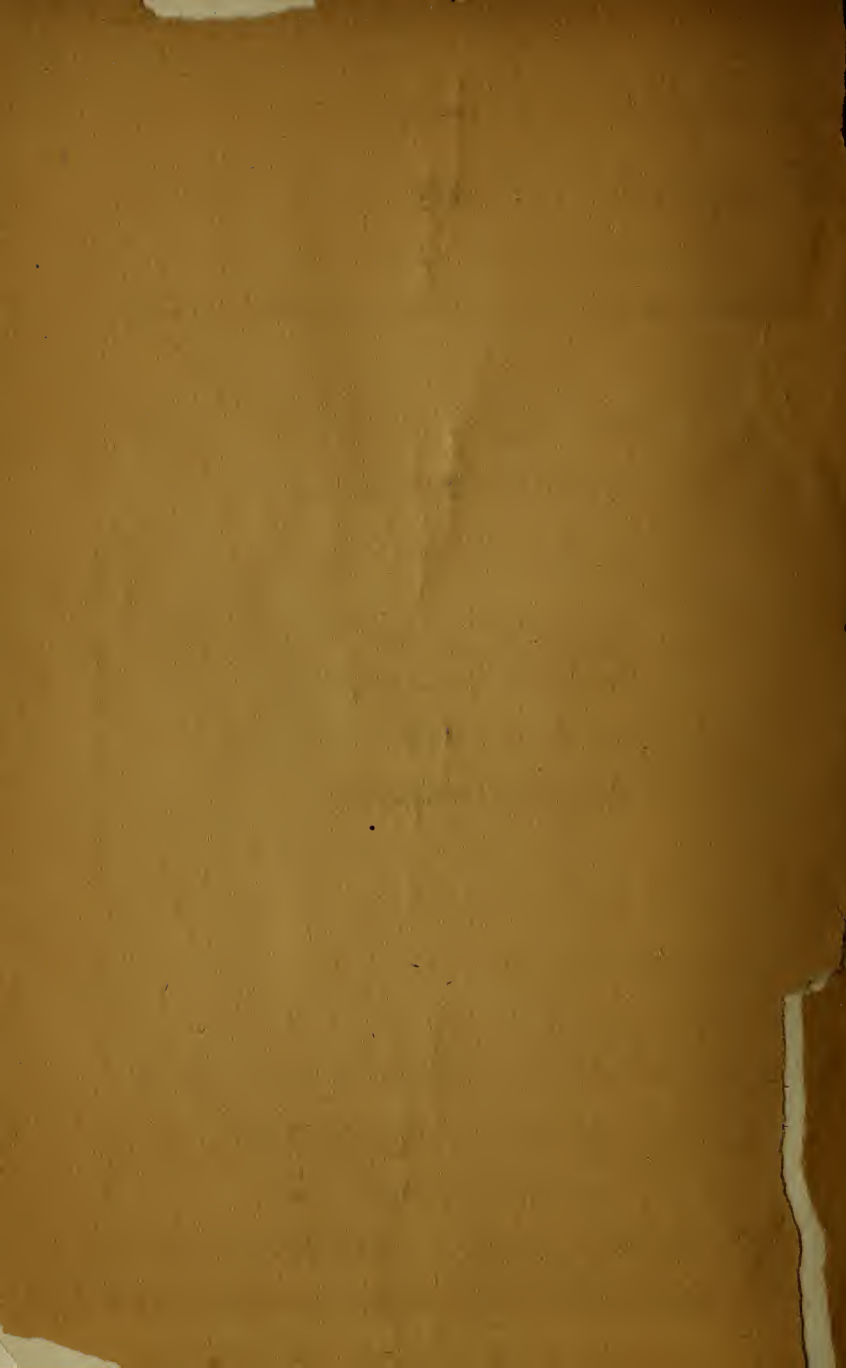
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with illustrations by

On A Fast Train

THROUGH TEXAS

By IRV. OTT

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SMILES

In 120 Minutes

THAT'S GOING SOME

All the best up-to-date Jokes and Sayings

DRAWINGS by *Ward*

I. & M. OTTENHEIMER

PUBLISHERS

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BALTIMORE, MD.

ON A FAST TRAIN THROUGH TEXAS.

Have you ever visited Texas?

If you haven't you want to go. Its the greatest state in the country. When anybody tells me they are going to Europe I tell them to cut it out and go to Texas instead. Then they will appreciate Europe so much more when they do go. If every state was like Texas we might have a democratic president once in a while.

Have you ever ridden on one of those so-called "Texas Flyers?" The railroad men call them "limited," that is they are limited to about four miles an hour. They run tri-weekly. That is they run once a week and try to run twice more. They go so fast you cannot see the telegraph poles. That's because the box cars haven't any windows.

I went to Texas from St. Louis and I never shall forget the trip. I went down to the ticket office and asked the agent "What do you charge for a ticket to San Antonio?" "We don't charge anything" he replied, "you pay cash or walk." I told him I knew

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the railroad got their's and he replied "Yes and it'll get yours too." He told me the price of the ticket was \$26.25. After I made the trip I got wise to the fact that the 25 cents was the price of the ride and the



Punching the Description in the Ticket Office.

\$26 the company's profit. Before he sold me the ticket the agent took my description. "You have black eyes" he observed, "Yes, my wife gave them to me," I replied. "You have a bald head," he de-

blared. "Wife gave me that too," I told him. He wrote all this down on the ticket and punched it a few times and then handed it over with the information that if the conductor didn't think I corresponded with the description on the ticket he would punch me as many times as he had punched the ticket. Then he asked me if I didn't want accident insurance. I told him I didn't know and asked him what it was. He showed me the policy. You pay 25 cents a day and then if certain things happen to you, you get \$5,000. But look what has to happen before you get it. If you lose one leg you have to chop an arm off also before you can land the coin. If you lose one eye, you have to get a brakeman to jab the other out ere the rhino is yours. I told him I didn't think I needed the insurance and he said he guessed not because I didn't look like a man who cared whether his family had anything to eat or not.

Looking at my watch I found I had a couple of hours before train time so I wandered over to a large brewery. The head man invited me inside and introduced me to a large fat keg—on tap. Then he asked me if he could show me through. I told him that I wasn't from Missouri and he didn't have to show me so he left me alone with the keg and I stayed there an hour bowling them in. In fact I overstayed my time and had to make a quick dash for the depot. I asked a policeman the quickest way to get there and he said run. I started off on a gallop and a kid yelled "Hey what are you doing training for a race?" "No

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In the Brewery.

I'm racing for a train" I replied. I saw it was no use trying to run to the depot so I got on a car. It was full. So was I. Every seat was taken. So was my watch before I rode two blocks. An old lady got on and said to the conductor "Where will I find an



Racing for a Train.

empty seat." "Back there in the park," replied the conductor as he forgot to ring up seven fares. Then a real gentleman said "Madam, you can have my seat, after I get off bout four miles up the line." She said "no thank you, the conductor might want it then." A pretty girl then got on the car with a peekaboo waist

and the conductor and seven dudes nearly had a fit. She had been running for the car and was out of breath. She told another girl she was "all in" but she didn't look it. Then a lady got on with a crying kid and handed the conductor a five dollar bill. "Is that the smallest you have?" asked the conductor.



In the Street Car.

"Yes," replied the lady blushing, "I haven't been married very long." This excited the conductor so much he came to me again and said "Did I get your fare?" "I guess you did" I replied, "You didn't ring it up." But anyhow I handed him another nickel and he looked surprised and said "I got yours." "I know

you did," I told him, "but this one is for the company."

A colored woman was nursing a weeping pickaniny and finally lost her temper and said "Yar chile ef youse don't take yer dinnah I'se gwine ter gib it ter der conductah." An old Irishman, with a jag, had gone to sleep over in the corner of the car and the conductor thinking he had ridden past his street woke him up and asked "What street do you want?" "What streets have you got?" asked the Irishman. The Irishman reminded me of my old friend Maloney. His mother-in-law died and went to ——. Well I don't know where she went. He used to tell her to go to so many places. After her death Maloney went to his friend Rafferty, who kept the saloon and asked him to loan him ten dollars to help bury her. Rafferty told him he only had \$9.60. Maloney said "Well give me that and I'll take the other forty cents out in drinks. The son of Erin then pulled out his pipe and placing it in his mouth settled back for a rest, when the conductor spied him and told him to stop smoking. "I'm not smoking" says the Irishman. "Well you've got your pipe in your mouth" responded the conductor. "Yis an I've got me shoes on me feet but I'm not walkin," he replied, and then everybody laughed.

An old man was sitting in the car. In the aisle near him stood a young woman. He made a movement to rise, as if to give her his seat. "Never mind, sir," said the young woman, imperatively. "Just keep your seat." She smiled patronizingly on the old man,

who stared and looked dazed. After two blocks more he again attempted to rise, but the young woman pushed him back, explaining politely, "I've stood so long now, I don't mind it. Please keep your seat." "I say, young lady," cried the old man in shrill irritation, "I want to get off! You've made me go half a mile past my street already."—

The woman, and the baby in the car kept the car lively. The baby had the unquenchable yells. The baby kicked and tossed and beat its mother in the face with its fists and tried to poke holes in the car window and grasped and snorted and choked.

"What is it mamma's pitty itty sing wants?" the baby's mother would inquire.

"Wow-wow-Blub-wo-eo!"

"Baby hurts its poor itty mamma punching her. Does baby want the nice itty horsie?"

"Zip—woosh—naw—blub—baw—we—ow!"

"Shall she go buy it a new dress and dollie?"

"Wham—whing—whooshomoo—wow!"

"See out the window, the wagon going along without any horsie. Isn't that funny?"

"Ker-chub—ma-am—woof—wow!"

"Shall mamma take it to the store to see the new pitties?"

"Ker-bim—oo—oo!"

"Don't want to see the pitties? There, now, there. Don't ky no more, mamma's itty sing. Shall she dance it up and down?"

"Baw—miff—um-swat—ee-ee—wow!"

The tall, correctly dressed man, who was sitting right alongside the woman with the baby, and whose Raglan the baby had been threatening to kick into short ribbons for some time past, reached down and chucked the baby under the chin, smiled amiably, and causing the mother to look pleased.

"Mamman's booful baby!" she went on, addressing the youngster soothingly. "Indeed, mamma doesn't know what in the world to do with such a bad boy."

"Have you ever tried," inquired the correctly dressed man, as the car was coming to a halt for him to get off—"have you ever tried brass knuckles, a sandbag, a piece of lead pipe or an icepick?"

And before the mother could recover from her amazement the brute had stepped off and the car had started ahead, the young one still yowling.

Well we finally reached the depot and the Irishman who was on the car with me, walked up to the ticket window and asked for a ticket to Alton. "One way or excursion?" asked the agent. "Wot t'ells an excursion?" asked the Irishman. "Why to Alton and back here again," replied the agent "Wott' do I want to cum back fur whin I'm here already," He responded. **Just then a Hebrew friend of mine came up and told me** a hard luck story. He said "I schust got back from Beltville, vere my brother vas buried. I vent oudt to der cemetery and kneel down py der grave and prayed von whole hour and den I foundt oudt dot it vas not **my brotter's** grave at all. So I vent to ter shanitor of **der cemedery** and asked him vere my brother vas

purned. He says to me how long iss he dead? I says six months. He says vot did he look like? I says he looked schust like me. Impossible says der shanitor. Ef he looked like you he ought ter pin dead longer dan six months."

Just then an old woman with a little boy came up the station master and asked him what time the next train left for Itchfield. The station master stuttered but finally managed to say that was the sixth time she had asked him the same question. "I know it is," she responded, "and I wouldn't ask you again but it amuses little Johnnie so much to hear you talk."

Then a fake blind man came up and asked me for a dime. "But you're not totally blind," I said. "You can see out of one eye." "Then give me a nickle," replied the fellow with the bum lamp.

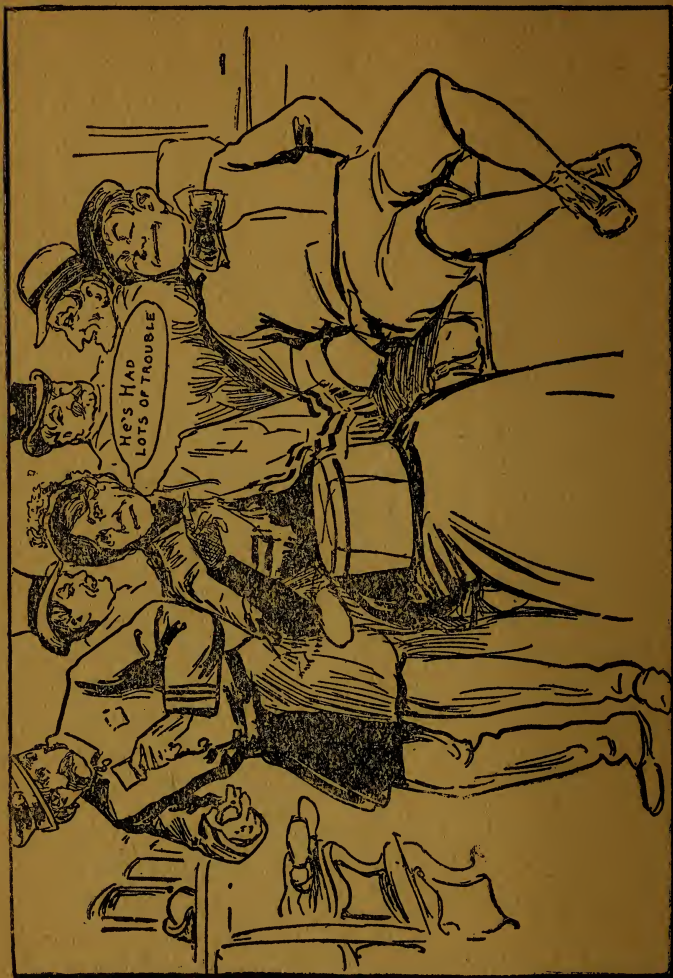
Just then a rube couple on their honeymoon came into the depot and going up to the nickle-in-the-slot weighing machine, began trying to find out what time it was. The station master told them the machine was scales, not a clock. "What's them fur?" asked the rube. "So the people can get a-weigh" replied the station master with a grin.

I went out on the platform and asked if that was my train. "No" replied the gateman "that train belongs to the railroad company." "Well I think I'll take it," says I. "You better not," he replied, "there's lots of trains been missed around here lately." Then I sat right down on a bench and said "well for heaven's sake is there anything fresher than you around here?"

"No nothing but the paint on that bench you're sitting on" he responded: "It hasn't been painted but a few hours."

When I tried to get through the gate the gateman said "You cant ride on that ticket." Well that made me wild and I raised merry hail columbia and wanted to know why: "Because you'll have to ride on the train," he replied with a savage sneer and shoved me through the gate. At last I got aboard the train and it pulled out. It stopped every few minutes and rocked and jolted fearfully. We were all regular rough riders, I told a man that I wanted to go to Texas the worst possible way and he told me I had selected the right road. Then the conductor came through for the tickets. A woman with an overgrown kid handed him a half fare ticket and he looked at the boy and said "That kid's older than 12 years?" "No he aint," replied the old woman, "He's had so much trouble it makes him look old that's all."

Away back on the last seat in our car was a fellow with a girl he had picked up on the train. I heard him say to her "I've been watching for an hour for a chance to kiss you." She replied "Why don't you have your eyes treated." Then she told him her uncle was a great inventor and that he had invented an automobile hearse. "Does it take" asked the man. "Oh yes people are just dying to ride in it" she responded. There was one of those funny fellows in the smoking car who called the conductor aside and told him there were two men on the train who hadn't



On the "Fast Train."

paid their fare. The conductor thinking he had missed a couple of deadheads, went all through the train again looking at the tickets and then came back and demanded of the man who had given him the information where they were. "On the engine" he responded, "the engineer and fireman." Then the conductor told him a few things and he went over in a corner and sat down and kept quiet.

At the next station a barnstorming theatrical troupe came aboard the train. They were talking about the next stand they were to play. They had wired ahead as to the prospects and on the train a reply telegram was handed them. It read "Eggs here ten cents a dozen. Use your own judgment." Then somebody told them eggs were two dollars a dozen in Africa and they all wanted to start for Africa at once. They told me that at Beanville where they had just played, they had a large and respectable audience—that is one man was large and the other respectable. They were carrying four hotel keepers with them to whom they owed board bills and they sang bass, and while they were on the train the manager sent a telegram to the advance man telling him to book the company at a hotel where the proprietor sang tenor, as there were already too many bass voices in the chorus.

In a seat in front of me sat an old man who had been an actor and he told them he had stopped many an egg in his time. One of the actresses asked him how he knew the audience threw them and he said he caught them in the act. I dozed off to sleep and when

I woke up the train was in Kansas. Kansas is the only part of the earth the Standard Oil company doesn't own. The train was only six hours late and when we started to kick the conductor came in and told us about the trains where he came from that were never on time. Once a train did roll in just at noon, exactly on the hour it was due and the people hurrahed and cheered like mad, until they discovered it was the train due the day before and was just 24 hours late. We were still laughing when the train came to a stop and the brakeman called out "Parsons! twenty minutes for lunch." We piled out into the station restaurant and I asked one of the colored waiters if we could get something fit to eat there. "I really can't say" he replied, "I don't eat in these cheap places." Then I asked for the boss and they told me he had gone out to lunch! "Have you pig's feet?" I asked the lady cashier. "Do I look like a pig?" she asked as she shoved her foot out from under the table. "I have some calves brains" she said with a sneer. "I want to know what you have to eat and not what your misfortunes are," I told her and she looked real mad. Then I told her I wanted a nice porterhouse steak with French fried potatoes and mushrooms and a bottle of wine on the side. She looked at me aghast and told me if there was any such food as that in the place the proprietor would be sitting there right at that minute eating it. So I ordered eggs and she asked me if I wanted them hard or soft. I told her hard on the outside and soft within. She called out "boil three



In the Depot Restaurant.

barnyards" and when I got them I found a tiny chicken in the first one I opened. I called the waiter and showed it to him and he grabbed my check and charged me forty cents more for chicken. He asked me "shall I open the others." I said, "no just open the window." Then the cashier came up and asked me if the eggs were not cooked long enough. "Yes but not soon enough" I told her and she went away mad again, saying "don't complain to me I am not the hen." Then I asked for a toothpick and the waiter told me a man on the other side of the room was using the last one and I would have to wait until he was through with it. He asked me if I was superstitious and I told him no. "Then" he said "its all right. You are the thirteenth man that used that napkin since it came come from the laundry." Just then a friend came in and sat down to the table with me and had a cup of coffee. We went up to the cashier together and he insisted on paying both checks. I told him I would pay them. He insisted and I insisted and finally I asked the cashier if she cared who paid, she said "no I don't care who pays." "Then you pay," I replied and we made a dash for the train but the waiter caught us and led us back and she charged me \$4 for what we had eaten and what was so bad we couldn't eat. But I got even and when I reached Texas I sent her back a collect message with about \$8 tolls due on it in which I asked her in voluminous language if she didn't think \$4 a high price for what we had to eat.

After we got aboard the train again and started off

an Irishman and a Dutchman began arguing about the fighting qualities of the different countries and the Irishman contended his race were the best fighters and the Chinaman the worst. He said that before the Irish went into battle they fell on their knees and prayed to the Lord for courage. "Vell so dose dent Chinks", replied the German. "Yis," replied the Irishman, "but who the devil can understhand thim."

Two dudes on the other side of the car got to talking about their jobs. One of them had been a counter jumper in a department store and told some interesting experiences. When he first went to work there they put him in the drug department. A consumptive came in with a terrible cough. He was walking slow but he was going fast. He said "Young man do you keep the best of medicines here," "You can get no better" replied the clerk. "Well if I can get no better there is no need of me buying the medicine," responded the man with the cough. The boss was standing nearby and immediately transferred him to the shoe department. An old Irishman came in with a boy and wanted a pair of shoes. "French Kid" asked the clerk. "No ye dom', fool Irish," replied the Mick. Then they put him in the hat department and a German woman came in with a small boy. "I vant for a hat" she said. "Fed ra?" asked the clerk. "No for Heine." "What kind of a hat do you want?" he asked her. "I vant for a hat vot vill suit his head" she replied and he gave her a soft hat. Then they put him in the notion department and a young lady

came in and blushing admitted she wanted a pair of garters. "What kind" he asked. "Rubber" she replied. "If I do I'll lose my job," he replied and then he lost his job right away.

Two drummers got to talking about the hotels they had stopped at and one of them spoke of a—hotel in Chicago. He said he arrived in that city one morning very hungry and really needed a square meal but he didn't have the money to spare. He only had \$3,000 with him so he went up to this hotel and got a cup of coffee. On the way up he asked the car conductor, "Do you stop at this—hotel. On \$12 a week." "I guess not," he replied, "I just hurry right by." He said it was the only hotel in the world where the guests and the waiters change places each year. This year's guests are next year's waiters and vice versa. When he got to the hotel he went into the cafe and saw the waiters all sitting back in their easy chairs smoking good cigars. One of them sent his valet up to see what the visitor wanted and he took a couple of dollars away from him and then went back and reported him a "live one," so the waiter came up and asked what he would have. "Do you serve lobsters?" he asked. "Yes" said the waiter, "What do you want." He ordered a sirloin steak with green peas and when it came he could see nothing but two peas on the plate. "Where is the steak?" he asked. "Under the left hand pea," replied the waiter.

Just then the train came to a stop and we got out to find out what was the matter. The locomotive had

run into and killed a cow and there was the owner raving and threatening to sue the company. "What was the value of the cow?" asked the conductor. The



Flagging the Train.

farmer brightened up right away and asked, "Market or court value?"

We got under way again and soon after the train stopped again. I asked the conductor what was the matter and he said it had been flagged to take a large party aboard. At the station a 300-pound man got on and said he was the large party and the conductor

swore like a pirate. The fat man had a whole seat to himself and a thin fellow behind him said "fat people ought to be charged for on trains by weight." "If they were, the trains would never stop for you," replied the fat man, who had overheard the remark.

A fellow got on who belonged to the same lodge as the conductor and when he asked him for his fare he told him he had left his purse at home and gave him the distress signal. "That's all right," responded the conductor, "Get off," and he left him standing at the first water tank.

A Hebrew Drummer got on the train. The conductor came through the train in his usual magnificence and demanded the tickets of the passengers. This salesman with more than pronounced Hebrew features, handed him a mileage ticket (scalper's).

The conductor looked at it, read the signature, and said:

"Look here, your name ain't McGinnis!"

"Yes it is," replied the Hebrew.

"How do you make that out. You look like a Jew."

"Keep it quiet, mein friendt, my mudder was a widow, and she married an Irishman."

The Hebrew got into an argument with an Irishman and the latter becoming angry exclaimed "Where th' divil can ye go thot ye won't find a dommed Jew?" "Go to hell," replied the Hebrew, there is none there." Then he asked the Irishman what kind of a dog it was that he had with him and the Irishman replied "He's a half skunk and half Jew." "Vell den

mine friendt," responded the Hebrew, "he is related to both of us aindt he?" A big rough fellow got on and took a seat beside the Hebrew and tried to hog the whole seat. The Hebrew looked at him indignantly when the rough responded. "Well Jew. you look mad enough to eat me." "I couldn't do dot," responded the Hebrew, "my religions forbids me to eat pork." Just then the conductor noticed the tough chewing tobacco and expectorating on the floor. "Who's that spitting on the floor," he demanded. angrily. "Me" replied the tough. "What are you going to do about it?" "Nothing" replied the conductor meekly, "I only wanted to borrow a chew."

A couple of minstrel men then got together and one of them told a yarn about Lew Dockstader that was the limit.

"He had been out very late playing poker and it was cold, dark and lonesome as he started home. As he walked along he thought of the \$50 his wife had asked him for to buy a new bonnet. He also thought of the \$76.25 he had lost playing poker. "It's too bad I didn't give her the \$50." said Lew to himself, 'but what bothers me now is to know how I am going to fix up this \$76.25 story.'

"Then a wicked thought came to him and he smiled.

" 'Lew,' he said, 'you have a great head.

"Then he chortled to himself: 'Why, I was held up, of course! A man can't help being held up, can he? I guess not'

"This seemed funny to Lew and he laughed again. He was laughing heartily when a big, round, shining thing was stuck before his face.

" 'Hold up your hands!' cried a husky voice.

"Lew had heard a good deal about the man behind the gun. Now he saw him. Lew's hands were in the air. So was his hair. In a twinkling the man with the gun had gone through Lew and was running down the street. Then Lew realized that he had actually been held up.

" 'Lew your head isn't so awfully big after all,' cried Lew to himself, and, without stopping to think of consequences, he chased after him. Lew is pretty fat but anger lent him speed, and in a few seconds he had overtaken the man. Stealthily sneaking up behind his intended victim. Lew threw his arms around him and gave him the half Nelson and the strangler neck twist. The stranger gurgled:

" 'For heaven's sake don't kill me, man. Take everything I've got, but spare my life! "

" 'All I want is my watch,' said Lew, and he reached into the man's vest pocket and took out the timepiece. Then he darted for home.

"Lew's wife was waiting for him at the window with an anxious face. She ran to meet him as he came up the steps.

" 'Why, Lew, what's the matter?' she began as he entered the doorway.

" 'Been held up,' said Lew.

" 'O dear, O, dear!' gasped Mrs. Dockstader.

“ ‘Don’t you worry,’ said Lew, ‘I captured the thief and got back my watch.’ ”

“ ‘Got back your watch?’ queried Mrs. Dockstader.

“ ‘I should say I did,’ said Lew, swelling visibly.

“ ‘Why, Lew,’ said Mrs. Dockstader, in amazement, ‘you left your watch at home.’ ”

“Lew went down into his pocket and pulled out the watch he had taken. It was a Jurgensen, worth \$500 if it was worth a cent.

“ ‘W-h-e-w!’ whistled Lew.

“ ‘Why, where did you get it?’ asked his wife.

“ ‘O, I got it,’ replied Lew.

“And in a moment he added:

“ ‘Say, sweetheart, you may get that hat you were talking about.’ ”

At the next station the train stopped and I went out on the platform of the car to look around. One Texan meeting another asked him for a chew of tobacco. He handed him a fresh plug and having no knife he asked the owner of the weed if he objected to him biting off a chew. He said he did not and just then as the train pulled out he said he would bite it off in the next town and jumped on the train with it.

The train started on and we soon came to a tunnel. While in the dark I heard a soft female voice saying “Oh! Georgie do stop. I’ll be angry.” What Georgie was doing I could only surmise, but my interest was intensified when she again said “Georgie dear, do behave and quit your monkeying,” I was greatly shocked at this and the darkness hid a deep blush that

suffused my countenance, as I pictured the scene in the seat behind me, and tried in vain to penetrate the darkness, and get a glimpse of the couple. Again I heard the sweet voice whisper "Oh Georgie, do leave my skirts alone. I made a wild break from the seat



The Waiter.

and just then the train glided out into the light and I saw an old maid, admonishing a pet poodle to behave itself.

I rushed into the buffet car and got a couple of high ones to quiet my nerves and soon after that the dining car porter came through and announced supper

was ready and I went into the car and asked for the bill of fare. The waiter told me there was nothing to be had but steak and coffee, so I told him to bring me some. "How will you have the steak?" "With meat on it," I replied. "And the coffee how will you have that?" he asked. "In the middle of the cup I told him." A man sitting opposite to me had a piece of fish and kicked about it not being good. "It ought to be good" the waiter told him "it's off the same fish you had a piece of last week and that was all right," replied the waiter. When I went to pay the waiter I discovered I had only just enough change to pay it and told the waiter I regretted not having enough over to give him a tip. He looked at me in amazement and said "gib me dat check boss 'til I add it up again."

After I had gone back into the smoker the train stopped at Dennison and a preacher and a young man with a joyful tide of booze got on. The young man began swearing at the heat of the car and the minister called him down and told him he was on the road to perdition. "Thast So?" said the drunken man; "I want to go to Fort Worth."

As the train sped along over the Texas prairie a drummer for a St. Louis house came back into the parlor car and asked me to come forward into the smoker and take a hand in a game of euchre. I found two other chaps belonging to the profesh, and we had the car to ourselves. After a few minutes, however, a young man got on at a small station. He was a native, but he didn't seem to be over bright and not at all dan-

gerous. He watched the cards with much interest for two or three games, and one of the men finally observed:

"Stranger, do you play this game?"



The Preacher and the Man with a Jag.

"No, I don't," he drawled. "What do you call it?"

"This is called four-handed euchre."

"Y-e-s."

"Lots of fun in it, and you ought to learn to play. It's good to take hayseed out of the hair."

The young man removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, as if expecting to comb out a lot of hayseed, and it was three or four minutes before he said:

"So that's four-handed euchre, eh?"



The Hold up Game.

"Yes, nice game, isn't it?"

"'Pears like it, but I've got one to beat it."

"Have you? What do you call it?"

"I call it a one-handed hold-up, and here's lookin' at you!"

He was not only looking at us, but his two guns

were doing the same thing, and the man looked bright enough and carried a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, your game beats this," said the drummer, after a look. "Boys, he wants our boodle."

We put down four watches and four wads of greenbacks, and the young man reached for them with the remark:

"I generally take all the tricks in this game. I git off here, and if you want to raise a row go ahead."

We didn't. We sat right there until the train started up and left him behind, and when the conductor came in and saw the cards on the floor and four men looking tired, he exclaimed:

"Well, well! But you fellows seem to need something to brace up on."

The old farmer went to one end of the swaying coach to wash his hands. He could find only a few remnants of soap. "Boy," he drawled, "there don't seem to be much soap here?"

"No, sah," chuckled the porter, "you know dis is de limited. Ebbything aboard am limited."

Then the old man tried to fill a glass from the water cooler. He could force out only a few drops.

"Where's the water, boy?"

"Not much water, sah. Dat am limited, too."

Presently the porter brushed the old farmer down and the latter handed him nine coppers.

"Why, boss," protested the porter, "yo' gib de poter on de udder train a quarter."

"I know that," chuckled the old farmer, "but you

know this is the limited, and everything should be limited."

There were two fellows from Dakota on the train and they got to telling about the cold winters they have out there and when they were through everybody agreed they were entitled to the first prize for lying. One of them told how a man in his town threw a cup-full of water at a cat one winter morning. The water froze into a chunk of ice in the air, hit the cat on the head and broke its skull.

Then he told about a woman who left a lamp burning all night in the kitchen, and when she tried to blow it out in the morning found the flame frozen hard. She broke it off and threw it into the woodshed, where later it thawed out and set the shed on fire.

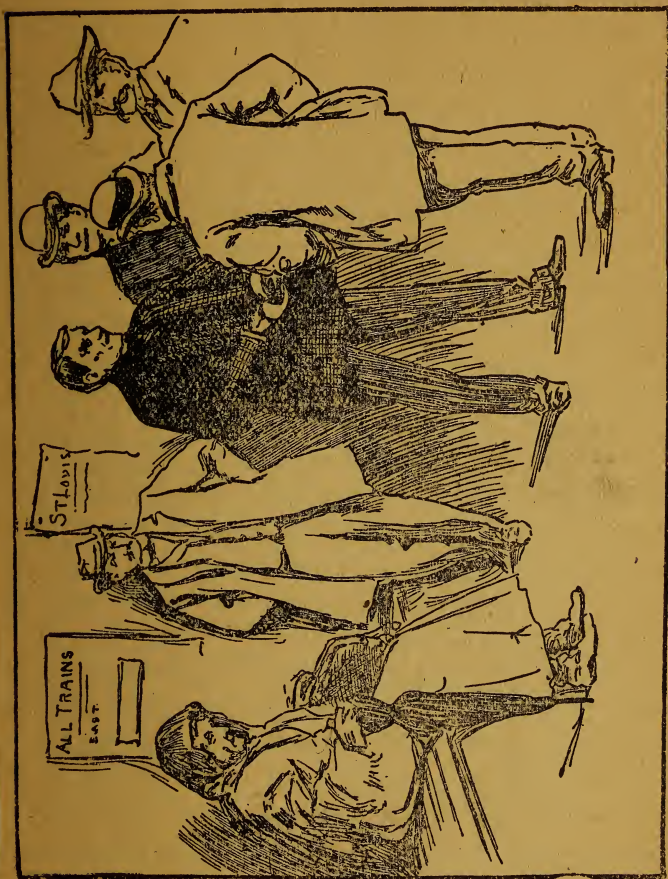
As if those two were not enough, he winds up with the story of a doctor, who, just before he started on a drive, took a half-dozen good-sized drinks of old bourbon. It was a cold night, and his breath was frozen into chunks. He put the chunks into a pail when he got home and thawed them out, and had a quart of pretty fair whiskey for the next day.

After we had finished gasping for breath the other fellow told his. It was about his uncle's mule. "My uncle kept his mule in a wooden stable, he said, and he fed it on popcorn. One day the stable took fire, and the popcorn in the mules stall, shooting up into the air, descended all about the unfortunate animal in soft, white flakes. These flakes the mule mistook for

snow. He imagined that he was in a snowstorm and froze to death."

That evening we got to Fort Worth and had a half-hour lay-over. In the depot a man pointed out a poorly dressed woman, who sat alone and looked so disconsolate everybody pitied her. The man then began telling the crowd of the woman's misfortunes and asked that we all donate something for her. He took off his hat and said "This poor old woman has no ticket, who will help her? I'll give a quarter." Then he passed the hat around and everybody chipped in and he soon had about ten dollars, which he dumped in the woman's lap. Then he started another collection to buy her some clothes and everybody anted up another quarter and he dumped about the equivalent of another ten-spot in her lap. She gathered the money in and just then a man came up and said, "Well Hiram I'm glad to see you and your wife again." We then rushed up and asked him what right he had to collect money for his wife. He just grinned and said he didn't have no right to collect it for any other fellow's wife and they got on the first train that went through and left us standing there astounded at his nerve.

An old woman came up and asked the station agent what time the next train went through. "Ten-thirty" he replied. "Is there no train before that?" she asked. "No" he responded. "No freight train or local." "No, madam," he told her, "Are you positive there will be no train through here before ten-thirty?" she insisted. "Quite positive but what is the matter?"

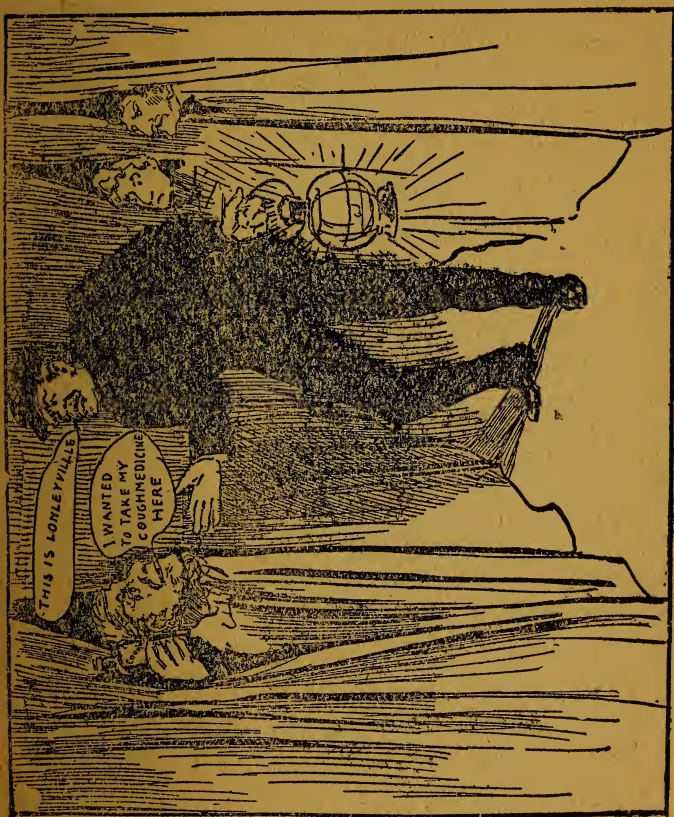


The "Con" Man in the Devot.

"Well I just wanted to know so I could tell if it would be safe for me to cross those tracks I want to get over there to the store across the tracks," she replied.

After we got aboard the train again and started on our way a funny looking old man came to the conductor and told him to wake him when the train got to Lonelyville as he was tired and wanted to take a nap. The conductor promised to wake him but forgot all about him until the train was ten miles past the station. He knew there would be an awful row, as there was no train back so he stopped the train and ordered the engineer to back the ten miles. He did so while all the other passengers swore and when we were alongside the station platform of Lonelyville, the conductor woke the old man up and told him to get off. "What for?" he asked. "This is Lonelyville," said the conductor. "Well I don't want to get off there. I only wanted you to wake me up when we got there so that I could take my cough medicine." What the conductor said cannot be printed here.

A fellow got on at the next stop and wanted a berth in the sleeper. The pullman conductor told him he could let him have an upper berth, but he said he didn't want it "because he would have to get up before he went to bed." Then he asked the price of the berths. The conductor told him the lowers were two-fifty and the uppers two dollars. Then he wanted to know why the uppers were the lower and asked the conductor the following about the sleeper. If a sleeper is one who sleeps; and a sleeper is a carriage on a railway train



In the Sleeping Car.

in which the sleeper sleeps; and a sleeper is a tie under the rails on which the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps is run. Now, then, when the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper that is carried over the sleeper under the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps, the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper until the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps jumps off the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by bumping against the sleeper until there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps. By this time the conductor was in a trance and the brakeman came and led the stranger into the baggage car and told the baggagemaster to keep an eye on him as they thought he was an escaped inmate of a daffy house.

Just then there came into our car a theatrical chap with the champion hard luck story. He seemed so despondent I determined to bring a little sunshine into his life by buying him a drink. He accepted the invitation without a trace of enthusiasm, but after a second round he loosened up a bit and told me his story.

“‘I took out an “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” show,’ he said, ‘and was doing fine business. I had with me as my treasurer a young fellow who came from my town, and I had every confidence in him, but one night after the show he and Topsy were missing. So were the receipts of the week, and I set my six bloodhounds on the track of the two. And what do you suppose happened?’

“‘I told him I couldn’t guess, and the fellow continued:

“ ‘ The bloodhounds caught up with him all right, but that cuss he puts ropes on the hounds, and started another “ Uncle Tom ” show. And hang me if I’ve got money sufficient to get to Waco to have him pinched. And the worst of it is, he’s doing a land-office business, while I’m here without drink money. ’ ”

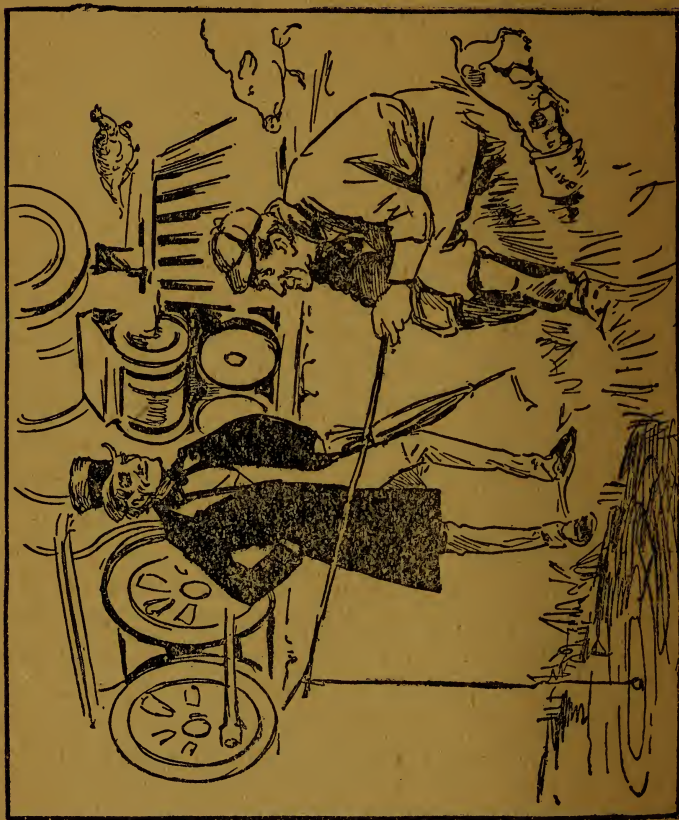
When I went to bed that night the porter said to me, “ Boss, does yer want to sleep head fust er feet fust? ” I told him I didn’t care which end went to sleep first, but I wanted to sleep all over. A young bridal couple on the train kept everybody awake with their talking.

An Irishman in the berth ahead of me asked the conductor to awaken him at Sparkville. “ This train don’t stop there,” said the conductor. “ Will thin lit it hesitate long enough fur me til th’ ole woman it don’t stoph,” he asked, and the conductor went away disgusted.

The next morning after I woke up, bright and early I noticed our train had stopped for some time. I went out to see what was the trouble. There was the engineer fishing in a pond on the side of the engine. He had two fish on the side of him, which he had caught. I asked him why he had held the train. He said he promised his wife, he would catch some fish, and as soon as he caught four more fish, he would start the train.

“ Now what do you think of that ” for Texas traveling.

The engineer must have caught his fish, as our train started again.



The Engineer Stopped his Train to Catch some Fish.

I went in the smoking car I heard an actor man tell a funny story about his early experience on the road. He said it was my first season on the stage and my impressions were still rosy hued and glowing, my youthful enthusiasm making me forget that an actor's Christmas Day is mighty likely to be blue and lonesome and anything but "an awfully lovely party." I had joined a traveling troupe of barn-stormers, "merely for the experience," as I said to still the objections of my parents. We traveled through Kentucky—all one night stands. I think 50 cents was the price asked for some of the seats—notice that I say "asked." Salaries were not forthcoming for several weeks, but what cared we? We had not, it is true, set the world afire with our genius YET—but we would wait with patience until we won recognition and appreciation. Christmas Day we were to play at Mt. Sterling, Ky. That day is always one of the biggest days in the year for theatres, but our business was something awful—and letters and Christmas gifts from home hadn't helped to make us cheerful to think what we were missing. The manager of the theatre was the Mayor, the Postmaster, the Transfer Man and the Hotel Proprietor. No one complained when we started to leave town—a few paltry dollars in debt—until we reached the depot when a be-whiskered gentleman, with six feet of manhood and a piece of chalk in his hand, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I have an attachment to serve on you." "It's your serve," I replied, and carelessly pointed to a number of trunks and

musical instruments piled at the other end of the platform. The train was about to pull out as we boarded it, and as we moved out I saw from the rear end of the last car my Sheriff friend industriously chalking the belongings of a German Concert Company, who stormed and sputtered in German, and we went merrily on our way.

A fellow across the car then got to telling about his father. He said, "Father was one of the early settlers. In fact everybody wanted him to come somewhere and settle. After the old man died I found letters from all the leading merchants in the country asking him to come there and settle. Father used to live in Texas, and when he left there they wanted him to come back and stay forever. In fact several of the newspapers said he had gone and they hoped he would stay forever. Now you know my father was a very curious man. He was always looking for information. If he saw anything in the street he always wanted to stop and examine it,—tobacco, or anything. Well, one night we were coming home in the dark and we made a cross-cut through a neighbor's yard, and father stooped down and picked up something, and when we got home, where it was light and we could examine it, we saw it was an armful of wood. Well, this neighbor had been losing a good deal of wood and he accused father of stealing it. As if father would steal his wood when he had a cellar half full of it.

My brother Frank and I slept in the next room to father, and there was only a thin partition between.

Well, one night he thought he heard burglars in the house, so he rapped on the partition and said, "Boys, I think there are burglars in the house, go down and see if you can find them." I said: "Father is speaking to you, Frank," but Frank said he hadn't lost any burglars and for me to go down and find them. Well, Frank and I finally went down but we couldn't find any burglars, so we went down to the police station and I told the police that there were thieves in our house, and they said, "Yes, we've been onto it for some time." The police told us to go back home and when we got there the thieves would be there.

Now my brother was arrested once, and everybody thought it was funny because father was so honest. Folks said that father was as honest as the sun. Father used to tell us stories about his killing panthers out in the Rocky Mountains. I never disagreed with father, Frank disputed him once and lost two teeth, and so I always believed everything he said. Well, father used to kill a panther every five minutes, and the way he used to kill them was this: He used to grab the panther by the tail and head and break his spine. Well, one day father and I were out in the woods and we discovered a panther 10 feet long. His front teeth were out, but some of them were only out about five or six inches; so when father saw it he said, "Is it a horse?" and I said "No, it's a panther. Now you break his spine, father." He said, "No, it may belong to some poor man's family, and I'm not going to do it." I said, "That don't make any difference, you break his

spine and I'll go home and tell mother to start a fire to cook him." "No," said father, "I'll go and tell her just how I want him cooked, and I see it's going to rain and I'm going to run."

One day my father decided that he wanted to buy a dog. So he went to a dog fancier, and the dog fancier explained to him about the different breeds, the setter, the pointer, the New Foundland, the St. Bernard, and in fact the whole nine breeds, and told him that every one of the nine breeds was worth \$100. Well, father bought a dog from a tramp for five dollars, and from what the dog fancier had told him about the value of every breed I knew the minute I saw him that this dog was worth \$500. Well, I thought I would teach the dog some tricks so I held my foot up and told him to jump over it. He seemed to catch on right away. Well, father saw he was a bright dog so he took him out in the yard to teach him some more tricks. When I came out, father was hanging onto the limb of a tree and the dog stood under him with his mouth open ready to catch father and break his fall in case he happened to let go. I said to father, "You're getting along splendidly with him, he can walk on his hind legs already." I knew the dog had a good pedigree because I heard father explaining it to him while he was hanging by the limb.

By the time he had finished telling about his father the train came to a stop and I volunteered to go and get some cigars, as the newsboy on the train had sold out and we hadn't had a smoke for a whole day. But

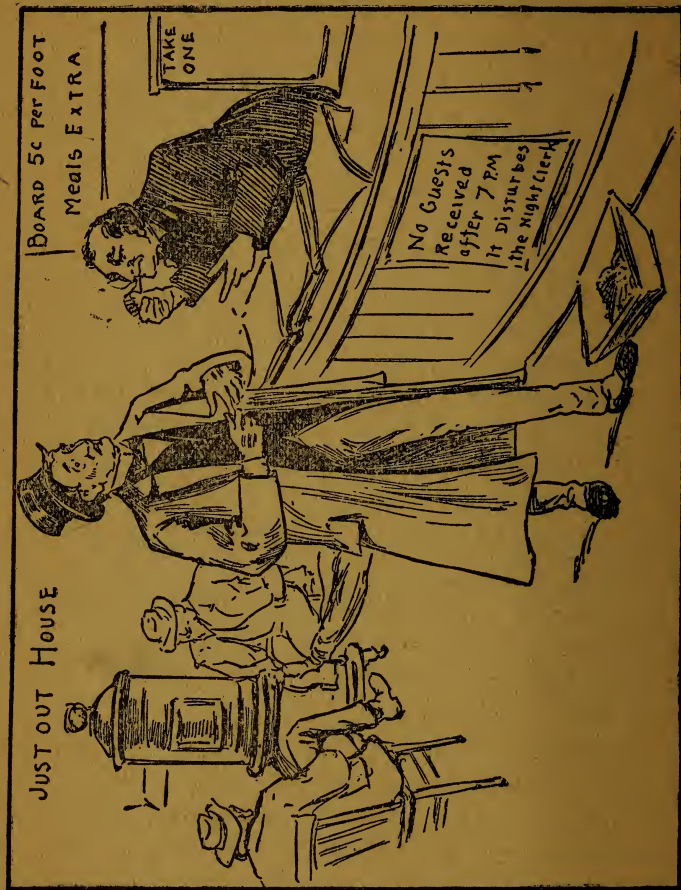
one of my new found friends insisted on going instead, so I let him go and in a little while he came back with both hands full—a quarter a piece—one of them was almost a whole one. He was a good judge of cigars, although nobody ever taught him anything about them. He just picked it up himself. He used to say he never smoked anything but the O. P. B. brand—other people's butts.

Well, finally we arrived at San Antonio and everybody got off the train and made a break for the street. The first thing that attracted me was a sign in a store window which read "Everybody Wears Josle Bros. Pants" and six women were standing in front of it reading it. I called a cabby and told him to drive me to the best hotel and he took me to the "Just Out House." Or the "Never Eat Hotel." I forget which it was. "Can I get a room?" I asked the clerk. "Yes as soon as somebody gets up," he replied. I waited around and finally somebody got up and I got the room. I asked him the rates and he said "five dollars a day up." Then I told him I had been in the theatrical profession and usually got special rates. "In that case," he said, "we will make a special arrangement for you. It will be five dollars a day down, you see we don't take any chances with you actor people." When I got up to the room I observed the following rules on the wall:

Board—Fifty cents a per foot, meals extra.

Washing allowed in the rooms.

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In the Hotel.

If you find no bell ring the towel.

Guests on retiring, please remove their shoes.

Guests will not take the bricks out of the mattress.

Guests will please refrain from spitting on the ceiling.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiters.

If you want light, lift the pillows they are light enough.

Guests wishing to go driving will be supplied with hammer and nails.

If your room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of base ball and want to practise, you'll find a pitcher on the stand.

If there is no water in the room, turn back the cover and find the spring.

Guests wishing to rise early, will be furnished with self-rising powders.

You needn't worry about your bill; this hotel is supported by a good foundation.

Please write your name on the wall so that we will know you've been here.

Three raps at the door means that there is murder in the house, and you must get up.

No guests received after 7 P. M. as the noise may disturb the night clerk's slumbers.

Going to bed without removing their boots will please not blow out the gas, otherwise they will die with their boots on.

This house has all modern conveniences, hot and cold gas. Two kinds of water—Dirty and clean—in every room.

This was an awful hotel, where I was stopping. I didn't object to hash so much I was willing to stand for it six days in a week, but when on Sunday they put raisins in it and call it a pudding, I think it's time to kick. I left this hotel, as my doctor prohibited my eating so much meat, when I went to this hotel. Well, talk about meat. I had nothing but meat. The first day I was there, they killed a hog and put him on ice and we had pork all the week. Then they killed a sheep and put him on ice and we had mutton all the next week. Then the proprietor's wife died and they put her on ice and I left.

I went downstairs into the barber shop and while awaiting my turn glanced over a San Antonio newspaper. It was called "The Sky-Scraper." It had 16 stories in it. The want ads made a hit with me. Some of them read like this:

"Wanted.—A handsome young man to push a baby carriage, by a young lady matrimonially inclined."

"Wanted.—A man on a farm. Must speak German and Yiddish and understand cows."

"Wanted.—A boy to run an elevator. Must be a good story teller."

In the "Lost and Found" column I found some good ones. Here are a couple of samples:



The Barber Shop.

50 ON A FAST TRAIN THROUGH TEXAS.

Lost.—A gold watch by a lady, with swiss movement and gold case.

Found.—An ulster by a lady with a camel's hair lining. (She must have been a warm proposition).

There were also some queer testimonials in the paper. Here are a few of them:

Dear Doctor:

Send me another sample package of your tooth powder. I can recommend this as the best brass polisher in the country.

J. McCorker.

Automatic Folding Bed Co.,

Gentlemen:

Your beds are great. My mother-in-law sleeps in one of them, and now I can shut her up whenever I want to.

Gratefully yours,
Willie Pay.

The Kill-Me-Quick Pill Co

Padunkville, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Send me another dozen of your Liver Pills, as they don't sell any Ping Pong balls in our town, will you let me know where I can get them, as your pills are a-little too heavy.

Yours,
Annie McGurt.

The Float Soap Co.

Gentlemen:

Your soap is great, my mother-in-law slipped on a cake and broke her jaw.

Yours in respect,
Willie Wait.

The U—No Stove Polish Co.

Sloftown, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—

Kindly let me know whether your stove polish is good for shining patent leather shoes.

Truly yours,
Adam Sell.

Dear Doctor:

I wish to thank you very much for the medicine which you sent my uncle last month. When his will was read he left all his money to me.

Jack Lewis.

—A Wheaton (Ill.) lady who had “tried everything in vain until I commenced taking your valuable remedy” has written the following testimonial to a country druggist who is booming a new tonic:

Dear Sir.—Before taking your medicine I was too weak to spank the baby, but now I can lick my husband. Heaven bless you!

A Shakopee man was nearly blind and took Dr. Sawyer's wonderful Elixir. He wrote:

Dear Sir.—Before taking your Elixir I could not see six inches before my face. Yesterday I saw wood. I feel that I ought to let these facts be known. Send me another bottle.

A. Hoax.

"You're next," yelled the barber, and I scrambled into the chair. "Do you want a hair cut?" he asked. "Yes, I want them all cut," I told him. "That will be fifty cents," he said. "But your sign there says first class hair cut 25 cents," I said. "Yes, I know he replied, but you haven't first class hair." Then he got to talking shop and said business was very dull and like his mirror he often had nothing to do but reflect.

But he managed to scrape along somehow and razor enough to pay the rent.

After he finishing butchering me I went into the bar to get a drink and while I was there a broken sport came in and asked for a "tin roof." The bartender said he had never heard of it so the stranger called for a glass of whiskey, sugar, and lemon, and a brewed punch. As he swallowed it the bartender asked him why he called it a tin roof. "Because it's on the house" he replied with a fiendish smile and dashed out the door. Then a tramp came in and begged for a dime to get something to eat. The barkeep give him

a nickel and he planked it down on the bar and said "beer." The bartender began to admonish him when he said "look here young man begging is my business and slinging beer is yours. You attend to yours as I



The Tramp.

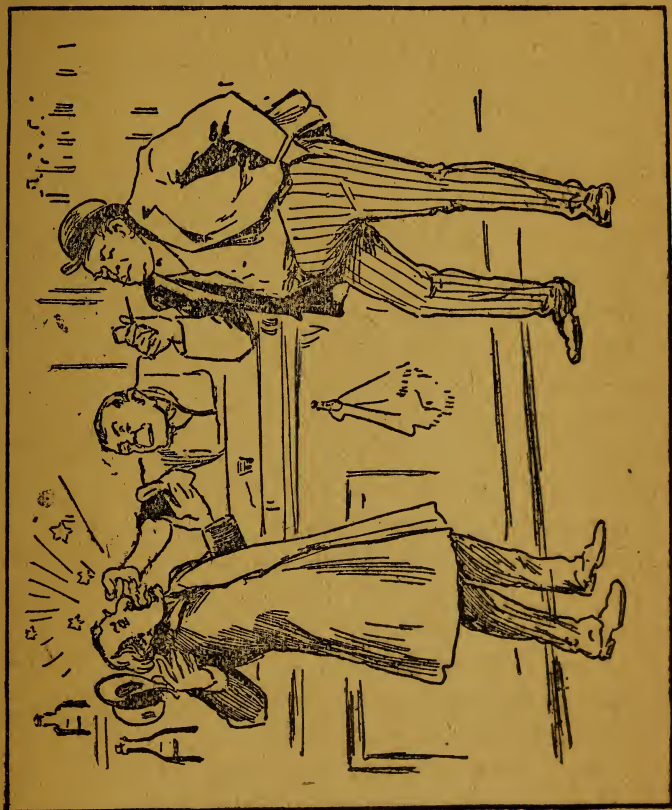
have attended to mine and I will have my order filled in a minute. If you don't I shall report you to the boss and have you fired." The bartender was so overcome by the monumental gall of the hum that he set out the beer and gasped for breath.

An Irishman came in and got a big whiskey, which he gulped down at a single gulp and told the bartender to charge it to Rafferty. "Is Rafferty good for a

drink?" yelled the barkeeper to the boss. "Has he had it?" asked the latter. "He has," responded the bartender. "Then he's good for it," responded the boss.

Then a Hebrew came in and told the bartender he was out for a good time and did not care what it cost him so he wanted a big glass of beer for five cents. After he drank it, he asked the bartender for his change and told him he had given him a quarter. The bartender told him it was a nickel he had given him and the Hebrew called him a liar. The bartender went around from behind the bar and punched him a couple in the jaw and threw him out. In a few minutes he came limping back in company with a big burly prize fighter and the latter asked the bartender if he had punched the Hebrew, and the bartender said he had. "Then," said the prize fighter, "I'd like to see you punch him again"—and he did three or four times. Then the prize fighter bet him a dollar he wouldn't hit him again. And he did four times more. "Then" the prize fighter said to the Hebrew "come out we won't spend another nickel in that place."

After that I wandered into the billiard room and a countryman asked me to play. I told him I would just to oblige him for a dollar a game. The rube said he would play until he got tired and just to encourage him I let him win the first five games. Then I said, "Now I will show you how to play this game." "No you needn't, I'm tired now," said the rube and waltzed out with my five dollars.



In the Bar-Room.

I went out and stood on the pavement in front of the hotel and bye and bye a big fat Dutchman with a big black dog came along. He stopped to light his pipe near where I was standing and I said to him. "What kind of a dog do you call that?" He looked at me indignantly and replied looking at the dog. "He aindt no dog. I'm ter dog. I got to vork ter feed him." Then he said sadly, "Pud if you vas a dog I vish I vas you yet alreatty. When you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree times and lay down; ven I go mit the bed in I have to lock up de blace, und vind up de clock, und put de cats out, und ondress myself, und my frau vakes up und scolds, den de baby vakes up und cries und I have to valk him mid de house rund; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed it is time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leetle und you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddie, scrap some mid my vife already, and git myself breakfast. You play around all day und haf plenty of fun. I haf to work all day und haf plenty of drubbles. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

About this time two Irishmen named Kelley and Reiley came along. "Casey says to Reilly, where are yez going all drissed up loike this?"

"I'm going to a dog fight," responded Reilly.

"Does yez think ye'll win?" asked Kelley.

Casey said "I wint into a lunch room the other day and asked fur a piece of lemon pie and it was a peach." "Thot's nothin said Reilly, I wint into a saloon and

order two glasses of beer. I handt a cint so I drank one and left the other to sittle."

Casey said I see Mrs. McGinnis died and left a thousand dollars sewed up in her bustle. "My," says Reilly, "that't a lot of money to leave behind."

Reilly said "I hear ye drunk a quart of whiskey at Finnegans wake." "Did anyone know ye was drunk?" "Sure," says Casey, "the corpse was dead nixt to me. I sees McGoogin there crying and I wint up to him and says McGoogin be ye one of the mourners?" "I am thot, says McGoogin, "that stiff in the box owed me sivin dollars."

Then Casey got to talking about Reilly's dead father and asked him if he left his mother much and Reilly said yes quite a good deal sometimes as often as twice a week.

Then it was that Casey told this story about a goat that a friend of his by the name of Flanigan owned, which, after the manner of its kind, occasionally departed from the straight and narrow path. Patrick also had a new red shirt, for which he had paid \$2.50 in legal currency.

Now Pat awoke one Sunday morning to a realizing sense of the fact that a holiday confronted him. He sought his new red shirt. The shirt, however, was not where he had left it.

"Nora," he demanded of his wife, "where's that new shirt of mine?"

"You haven't any new shirt," she replied.

"But I have," insisted Pat. "I bought it yesterday

and paid two dollar bills and a fifty cent piece for it. Now, where is it."

"I know, but you haven't got it any more." Nora continued sadly. "The goat has swallowed it."

Pat was furious and vowed that he would get even with the goat. "He'll never swallow a shirt of mine again," he remarked, with a sinister look which boded no good for poor Billy.

There is a railroad track near Pat's house, and to that track he went forthwith, leading Billy by a stout rope. Mr. Billy was then tied firmly between the rails, one horn connected to one side and the other to the opposite. Pat then waited the arrival of the next train, which was due in fifteen minutes.

The train came flying around the curve. Pat looked the other way. He was of a humane disposition and did not want to see the goat killed. He turned toward home, merely glancing around to assure himself that the execution had been properly accomplished. Lo and behold! There stood the goat ensconced safely between the rails and calmly gnawing at the ropes that bound him.

Billy had coughed up that red shirt and flagged the train.

By this time policeman on the beat had strolled around and arrived just in time to hear the finish of the yarn so he had to tell one to get even. His was about Rockefeller. It was to the effect that the Standard Oil King died and went to the Pearly Gate seek-



The Billy Coughed up the Red Shirt and Flagged the Train.

ON A FAST TRAIN THROUGH TEXAS.

ing admission. After learning his name and frowning fiercely thereat St. Peter asked:

"What do you want here?" said Peter, rudely.

"Why, I want to get in."

"What have you ever done that should entitle you to be admitted?"

"Well, once I saw a poor old woman on the street and gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that in the book?"

"Yes, Peter, he has been given credit for that."

"What else have you done?"

"Some time ago, while crossing the bridge, I saw a cold and hungry newsboy and I gave him a penny."

"Is that entered, Gabriel?"

"Yes, Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well!—I—ah—ahem—I'm afraid I can't think of anything more just now."

Peter stood puzzled.

"Gabriel, what shall we do with this man?"

"Oh, give him back his three cents and let him go to H—l!"

That evening they were gathered around the stove in the bar room telling yarns and the subject drifted to mean men and from all accounts they must have some pretty stingy ones down there in Texas. The hotel proprietor said he knew the meanest man on earth and he lived right there in San Antonio.

"How mean is that?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "he is so mean that he keeps a five-

cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars; and when their backs are turned he jerks it out of their pockets!

"Why, this confounded man is so mean, that he gave his children ten cents a piece every night for going to bed without their supper, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went up stairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it."

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes, the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled all the way up the stairs with the dessert; and when I asked the mean old scamp what made her whistle so happily, he said: "I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake."

"That was a pretty mean man, but I could tell you about meaner men than his," said the clerk. "Now, there is old Backus Long. You remember about the sausage skins?"

"Go on, what was it?" asked several voices at once.

"Well, I don't speak of this as a case of meanness, but I put it forward as an instance of careful thrift when I say that when I ran a butcher's shop Backus Long always used to send back his sausage skins and have them refilled."

"That was simple business shrewdness," said John Whitney. "Now, I always do these kind of things myself. For instance, it is always my custom to stop the clock nights."

"What for?"

"I do it to keep it from wearing out the cogs."

"I call that rather close," said the bartender. "I call that mean but we've got a man over in Waco who beats that. Old Calkins, over there, is so mean that he skims his milk on top, and then, when no one is looking, he turns it over and skims it on the bottom."

Having some leisure time the next day a lawyer friend of mine invited me to go with him around to the police court and listen to the trials of a number of petty offenders and some of them were very funny. The first case on the docket my friend appeared as counsel for the defendant and got into hot water very quick. A boy about fourteen years old had been put on the stand and the opposing counsel was examining him. After the usual preliminary questions as to the witness' age, residence and the like, he then proceeded:

"Have you any occupation?"

"No."

"Don't you do any work of any kind?"

"No."

"Just loaf around home?"

"That's about all."

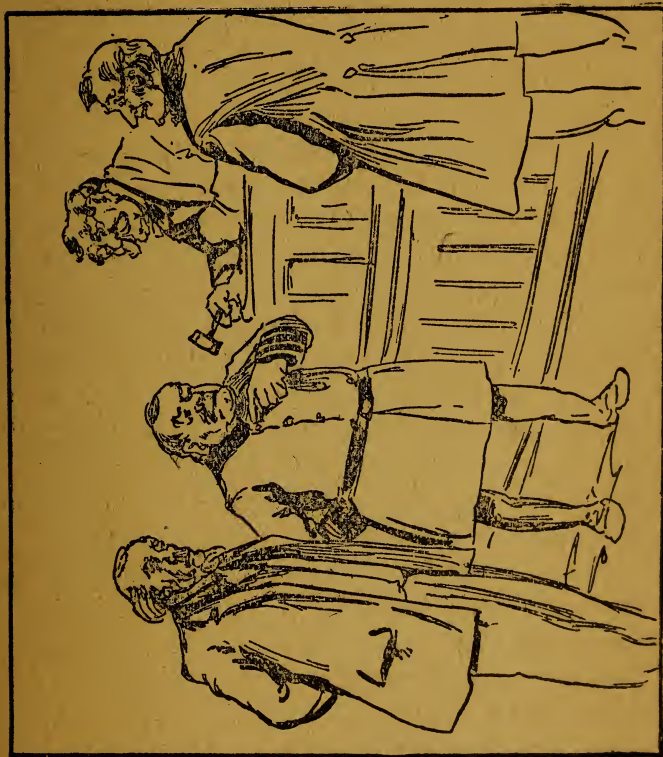
"What does your father do?"

"Nothin' much."

"Doesn't he do anything to support the family?"

"He does odd jobs once in a while when he can get them."

"As a matter of fact, isn't your father a pretty worthless fellow, a dead beat and a loafer?"



In the Police Court.

"I don't know, sir; you'd better ask him. He's sitting over there on the jury."

The next case was the most unique drunk I ever saw and he had a lot of biblical excuses for his jag. The prisoner told the judge that he was not a drinking man, that the offense was the first he ever committed. "If you are not a drinking man, then why did you get drunk?" asked the Magistrate. The prisoner picked up the Court Bible, and, handing it to his questioner, he said: "You will find my reasons in Proverbs xxxi: 4--7." The Magistrate opened the Bible at the place indicated and found the verses to be as follows:

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine: nor for princes strong drink:

"Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.

"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.

"Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

Next came a couple of girls arrested for fighting on the street:

Myrtle and Gladys were envious. When one got a new dress the other nearly had fits. If Myrtle appeared wearing a new bonnet, Gladys got a sick headache and went to bed. They had fallen out and when they met on the corner they eyed each other and Gladys curtly said:

"You're not the north pole; you can be reached."

"Oh! I don't know. You're not the only ticket in the lottery," replied Myrtle.

"You're not so warm you have to fan in mid-winter."

"Well, I fail to detect any steam coming out of your hat."

"No, but you're not the only tin can on the dump."

"Oh! git out; you ain't the only lobster in the pot."

"Maybe, and you're not the only pebble on the beach."

"Oh! well, I don't see your name on any checks."

"You're not such-a-much."

"Perhaps, but you ain't a phonograph, if you are always talking."

"Say, you ain't a pugilist, if you are a knocker."

"No, and you're not a dry goods store if you do have queer notions."

"Yes, and you're no carriage factory, if you do have wheels in your head."

"You aint the ——"

Just then Officer Moriarity appeared and remarked: "Well, both of yez aint the highest persimmons; you can be 'pulled,' " and soon they were telling each other:

And the judge "caged" the pair of "birds" for ten days. A pompous looking darkey was next ushered to the bar. He had given the name of "Prof. Thomas Luther Washington Bolden," and he was charged with swindling a number of colored folks.

"Youah Honah," said the fat colored woman **who**

had appeared to prosecute him, "Ise bin er lookin' fer dis yeah professah fer jest six weeks. Bout dat time er-go he done cum tew my house on Dallas street and handed me his kyard, which done had on it 'Prof. Luther Washington Bolden, B. M. and D. of P. V. and H.' What new game is dis? I asked him. Den he tole me dem letters meant Bachelor ob Music, sah, and Doctor of de Piano, Violin and Harp. An' den he says with er low bow: 'Has you er daughter, madam?' Well, dat took my bref erway, and I sed yes, I has, and den I called Missouri. She was in de kitchen washin' de dishes, and when she yelled back, 'What you want, mammy?' dis perfesser he done clashed his han's ercross his bosom and says: 'Dat voice! Dat voice!' meanin' Missouri's. Den he tole me de School Board was er-goin' ter let him had de schools all ober de city ob nights for de musical education of de cullud race, and how Missouri surely ought to go, an' I, fool like, done gib him \$2, and dat wuz de last I see ob him 'til terday, when I spies him on de street and gets de offer to 'rest him."

The "professor" made a feeble denial and was held for court.

The next case got my friend, the lawyer, into trouble again.

The witness was a farmer, and he was in court complaining that a certain fellow had stolen some of his ducks.

" 'Do you know that these are your ducks?' asked the lawyer.

"Oh, yes, I should know them anywhere,' and then the farmer went into detail in describing the ducks and telling just why he would know them.

" 'But these ducks are no different from any other ducks,' said the lawyer. 'I have a good many in my yard at home just like them.'

" 'That's not unlikely,' said the farmer. 'These are not the only ducks I have had stolen in the last few weeks.' "

The next case was that of a boarding house mistress who had caused the arrest of a young man boarder.

"Squire, this man openly insulted me and he wouldn't apologize, so I had him pinched," chattered a hatchet faced old maid as she trotted up to the railing, pointing in disdain towards an extremely thin young man who had just been brought in.

"What did he say," asked the court?

"Well, he slurred the boarding house I keep. When I said I set a good table, he said "yes the table is all right, but tables give me indigestion." When I said my beds were good, he said "Oh, yes, fine beds, lay on your stomach and cover up with your back." And then he said the boarders were not the only live things in my beds and asked me most sarcastically if the feather out of his bed was not in use, wouldn't I please put it back. He hung a sign "Cold Storage" on his bed room door and another reading "coal and wood wanted" on the front door. He called my house the "all go hungry," "the starvation hashery" and the "never eat." and a whole lot more. Squire, I think he

ought to be fined about a thousand dollars and give about two years in the workhouse.

"He's too thin to work," commented his honor as he gazed at the shivering skeleton. The case is dismissed. Here turnkey is a nickle get him a few dough-nuts. He's starving to death.

You're charged with creating a disturbance at the depot and also with assaulting the ticket agent. What have you to say, asked the court gravely, as a red faced, irate looking man was escorted up to the railing.

"There's a little village named Morrow near here, your honor," replied the culprit, "and I wanted to go there. I went up to the window and said politely "I want to go to Morrow."

"Come around in the morning," said the ticket man, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"What's the fare to Morrow," I asked.

"Same as it is to-day," he replied.

"But I must go to Morrow," I said.

"All right, said he, there'll be plenty of trains morning and afternoon."

I was getting mad by this time and I yelled, "I want to go to Morrow to-day," and then he lit in and called me a lunatic and told me to go home and sober up and I went for him."

Five and costs, said the justice.

"Squar, dis heah niggah am named Solomon Too-good, but dat name aint right. Dat coon oughter bin named Nogood fur he aint and dat's de Lawd's truf," breathlessly exclaimed a fat colored woman as she

ushed up to the desk and pointed excitedly to a tough looking colored man who had just arrived in the patrol wagon.

"Well, what did he do?" asked the magistrate.

"What didn't he do, sah. Dat niggah am 'er bad coon. He done got dat whistlin' habit. Whistles all de time and done threaten ter kill me, all in 'er whistle sah. First of all he comes in and gibs me 'er poke in der eye wid dat fist of his an' whistles 'cause I lubs you. Den goes thro' mah pocket book 'er whistlin' "I wants mah money back." Den he looks at de chicken stew wot was 'er cookin' on de stove and whistles "Dere's no lock on de hen house door." I done had er pie on de top shelf ob de cupboard an' he spied it an' got it down, and, hog like, done eat it all whistlin' tween bites "Good things come high." I just out right den and sez "look heah you no 'count niggah, I'se done wif you. Git out and I doan care ef you nebber cum back. Den he draws er big jogged edge razor and makes 'er swipe at me as he whistles "I guess that will hold you for a while," and "There's a lone grave in Georgia." Sqaar, I done cum from Georgia an' dat waz too 'sinuating fur me ter stan' so I jest called de officer dats all."

"Dismissed," said the court and the dusky culprit glared at the witness and whistled "There'll come a time some day," and as he left the station he whistled "He certainly was good to me."

"Bring on Gladys Hortense Montgomery," said his honor to the turnkey as he dusted off the desk with

his coat sleeve, flattened out a stray cockroach with a wooden ruler and opened court.

Gladys Hortense, a very dilapidated looking porphyritic haired female was ushered into the court room. The charge against her was being drunk on the street.

"Squire, this here hand-painted face female was doing a skirt dance on the street last night, while a dago with a street piano played the 'ki-yi' dance. An old colored preacher came along and she kicked his high hat thirty feet in the air, at the same time calling him a devil dodger and asked him where he preached so that she could come around some night and start a 'rough house.'"

"Now Mr. Policeman, you know I'm a perfect lady and wouldn't do anything like that," interrupted Gladys Hortense.

"And that wasn't all, your honor," continued the officer, not heeding the interruption. "She made google-eyes at a couple of Chinamen and yelled Chink eattee rattee and smokee dope-ee. Then she offered to lick all the women on the street for a dollar a dozen and in the patrol wagon on the way to the station she tried to pick my pocket."

Squire, I only put my hand in his pocket to get it warmed.

"Well, you will be warm enough in jail for the next thirty days," replied the court, as he waved her back.

"Squah, dis heah niggah done pasted me right in de mouf jest 'cause I done yelled hurrah for de 'publican ticket."

"Dat aint so," responded the dusky culprit as he was ed up to the desk, "I done slapped dat coon 'cause a Democrat niggah and makes out he's 'publican. s er sneaky debbel dat niggah is and I only done slapped him."

"Yes, wif 'er brick," replied the witness, as he exhibited a knot on his jaw the size of an ostrich egg.

"Was the assault committed with malice afore thought?" inquired the court.

No, sir, your honoh, I jest done tole you wif 'er brick, replied the witness.

"Dollar and costs," laconically said his honor and the brick propeller was put back.

"Michael O'Rouke, Officer Smitzenberger charges you with disorderly conduct in the park."

He was sleeping on a bench, your honor, said the fat German policeman, "ven I cooms along and peats him by der feedt mit my club and says sleebin py der park is not allowed."

"I wasn't snorin'," interrupted Mike.

"Den I dries ter ged him up and I dells him he vas against der law."

"No, I was against the binch," said Mike again.

"Vot t'ell do you mean by dot?" I asked him und he says:

"Fur me to know and you to find out," said Mike.

"Ven I dries to gid him up he calls me a pig Dutchman and says I vos full of peer und sour krout all the vile. Den he hollers dam der Hessians like dot, viped

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vile. Den he hollers dam der Hessians like dot, viped

his shoes on de tail of my cood und says "a friend need is a friend indeed."

"An' he was a foine doormat, yer honor."

Five and costs, said the court.

"Which ye don't git," replied Mike as he was sent back.

"Moses Grabbenheimer to the bar!"

"You there with the whiskers and that long coat, come up here," called his honor to a Hebrew in the rear of the room, who was surrounded by a group of others, who were talking and gesticulating wildly.

"Here, you're charged with trying to set your place afire. What have you to say?"

"Howly Moses, squire, I didn't done it. Vot for is dis charge?"

The officer says after the fire insurance company made you purchase glass hand grenades to use in case a fire broke out, you emptied them of the fire extinguishing chemicals, filled them with gasoline and labelled them "use in case of fire."

How about that?

I thought they was lamps, your honor, indeed I did.

"Court," replied his honor without further comment while the other Aarons, Abrahams, Moses and Levi's filed out declaring the police kept an honest man from making a living.

Finally I grew tired of listening to the various talk-fests of the gang and went to bed. Early next morning I was sleeping soundly when there came a rap at the door and I was sternly bidden by the porter to get

up at once. I declined, and he told me I had to get up as they had to use the sheets on my bed for a table cloth and the boarders were waiting for breakfast. Again I refused, and he broke the door open and dragged me out of bed saying I had ordered it. I indignantly denied it and went down to the office to register a vigorous kick. The clerk merely smiled and pointed to the slate whereon was written "fire 22 at 6 A. M." then I remembered I had asked that a fire be started in my room at that hour in order that it might be comfortably warm when I arose to dress.

Then I asked for my mail and was handed a telegram from my wife. I had been expecting a new arrival at my house and instructed her to wire me, "Gents Bicycle arrived safely," if it was a boy and "Ladies Bicycle arrived safely," if it was a girl. I nearly dropped dead when I opened the message and read "Tandem arrived safely."

Just then two Hebrews came down the stairs. Their names were Cohen and Levy.

Cohen says to Levy. "Oh, I had such a lovely dream last night."

"Vot vas it?" asked Levy.

"I dreamed I had a million dollars."

"Vat dit you do mit der money?"

"I pud it in de pank and den I voke up."

Then Levy said to Cohen "Did you take a bath last night?"

And Cohen replied, "Vy vas dere von missing dis morning?"

"And so whiskey cleaned those frames?" "said one of them, "it was whisky that did it." "just to think," she said, "I came very near throw that whisky away. I bathed poor Fido in it before died, you know."

A country minister in a certain locality took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of us ever die. I don't think you love one another, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have never paid my salary; your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples; and by your fruits ye shall know them. Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye.

"A drunken man staggered into church one Sunday and sat down in the pew of one of the deacons. The preacher was discoursing about prevalent popular vices. Soon he exclaimed, 'Where is the drunkard?' The drunken man was just far enough gone to think the call personal, so, rising heavily, replied: "Here I am!" and remained standing while the drunkard's character and fate were eloquently portrayed. A few minutes later the preacher reached another head of his discourse, and asked: 'Where is the hypocrite?' Gently nudging his neighbor, the drunkard said, in an audible whisper, 'Stand up, deacon, he means you this

time. Stand up and take it like a man, just as I did! It will do you good!’ ”

A group of drummers were trading yarns on the subject of hospitality, when one took up his parable thus.

“ I was down in Texas travelin’ ’cross country with another drummer when we kinder got lost in a mighty lonesome sort o’ road just about dark. We rode along a right good piece after sundown, and when we saw a light ahead I tell you it looked first rate. We drove up to the light, findin’ ’twas a house, and when I hol-lered like a lost calf the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard; then said, ‘ Wal, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.’ So we unhitched, went in, and found ’twas only a two room shanty and just swarmin’ with children. He had six, from four to eleven years old, and as there didn’t seem to be but one bed, me and’ Stony was wonderin’ what’n thunder would become of us.

“ They gave us supper, good hog and hominy, the best they had, and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took those out, laid them over in the corner put the next two to bed—and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor, the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted to, and, bein’ powerful tired out, we did.

“ Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids, and the old man and the old woman had the bed.”

78 ON A FAST TRAIN THROUGH TEXAS.

In a restaurant in a small town not far from Dallas is a waitress who writes poetry. The other day she approached a traveling man who had just sat down at a table and surprised him by saying:

I'm delighted to say
We have bean soup to-day.
Some roast lamb and steak.
Now which will you take?
Then coffee and tea,
Please order from me.
The meal's cooked by ma,
Tra, la, la, la, la!

The travelling man knew a little about rhyming, too, and then he came right back with:

On soup I'll begin it,
With a bean or two in it;
For coffee I'll speak—
Have it healthy, not weak.
Somesteak then I'll chew—
Bring the cleaver in, too.
That's all; keep your lamb,
It's not worth a ———,
And kindly be quick,
Tra la, la, la lick!

That night there were a lot of rummies at the hotel and this is some of the junk they unloaded.

Here is a yarn a bum actor told me at the hotel.

Did I ever have any funny "Uncle Tom" experiences? That depends from the point of view! Now—looking back ten or fifteen years—yes. Then—on the spot—no.

I tell you "acting" to an empty house, on an empty stomach and with an empty pocketbook, is not funny at the time. I remember being at one time with a Repertoire Company that played everything from Hamlet to Peck's Bad Boy, and, of course, we had "Uncle Tommie" for Saturday matinee every week. We had a fellow by the name of Huckins playing Uncle Tom. He was a sort of mournful, soulful, clownful idiot, who suffered from ingrowing dissatisfaction. The others took their troubles philosophically, but he mourned over them. There is one place in the play where Legree says to Uncle Tom, "Aren't you mine, body and soul?" And Tom replies, "No Massa! My body may belong to you, but my soul belongs to Him on high!"

Huckins had finally got a position offered him with another company, and had gone to the proprietor of our U. T. C. Co., and told him he was going to quit. Instead of receiving this news with joy, Mr. Britt, the aforesaid proprietor, told Huckins that if he attempted to quit the show, he would break every bone in his body.

That night when Legree asked, "Aren't you mine, body and soul?" Huckins answered, "No Massy—

My body may belong to you—but my soul belongs to Ike Britt!”

Poor Huckins! We left him in Sunbury, Penn. Somehow during the day he found a saloon that served a free lunch, including nice hot sausages. Huckins ate all he dared to, and then shoved what there was left into his hip pocket. But he forgot to tell the bloodhound about it!

Poor Huckins! I shall never forget how he looked the next morning as he lay there, face down, with a piece of mosquito netting over him. He bade me good-bye. “Good-bye, Bill!” he said. “I hope you’ll never have the drawbacks in life that I have had lately!”

I told him to face his trouble like a man! He turned his face round toward me, being careful not to move his body, and said, “How in blazes can I?”

In the hotel cafe that evening I met an actor and another man without money, whom it seemed to me I had known before. I asked the actor what had changed him so and he told me he had stopped drinking. Then I asked him if he wasn’t lonesome since he cut out the booze and he said “Yes, I don’t see half the people I used to.” When I got up to my room I found the chambermaid had not dusted the bureau off so I called her in and wrote my name on the top of it. She grinned and said “yes you write very nice, and education is a great thing.” The next room was occupied by a “Southern planter” an undertaker from Memphis. He as a noisy man and used to come up to the room and throw his shoes down so hard that he

awakened me. Finally I spoke to the proprietor about it and he asked the man not to make so much noise with his shoes. Well the next night he came up to the room soused as usual and taking off his shoes threw one of them down just as hard as usual waking me up. Then he remembered what the hotel proprietor had said to him about it and taking the other shoe off very quietly he laid it under the bed. Of course I didn't know this so I laid awake an hour and a half and then I rapped on the wall and as I afterwards discovered woke him up—and asked “Say when are you going to take off that other shoe?”

The next day I was talking to a traveler about bum hotels and he told me this one.

Owing to a railroad smashup I got left in a little Texas town one night going to Frisco to join “Wests Minstrel show.” It was a wretched town and a still worse hotel. My room was small and my bed was as hard as a board. I got up feeling mad, after a miserable breakfast I was ready to boil over. The boiling came when the landlord presented me with a bill for \$4.00. “Is this correct” I said as I looked at the figures? “Entirely so,” he replied. “Then you are a blamed old highway robber.” The landlord had three sons and when they began to mix in I turned on them and gave them some red hot talk. When I stopped for breath the old man who turned out to be a justice of the peace sat down in the chair and calmly announced. “Hear ye, hear ye. I now declare this court duly opened. James have you any business?”

"I have," replied his eldest son, who announced to me that he was a constable and I was under arrest. He then made the charge against me. One of the other brothers testified as to my language and his honor fined me \$10.00. As the third brother hadn't taken any part I turned to him and sarcastically asked "Where do you come in?" "Me," he replied "Oh, I'm the town marshal, and as you are evidently a desperate character I shall lock you up for a couple of days and then run you out of town." It was a nice little family trust and I could not beat it. I was locked up for 48 hours, but I had to pay the board bill and the fine and when I was set at liberty and got my mouth open to say something else the jailer laid his hand on my arm and whispered: "Don't do it; I am the old man's son-in-law and if you kick against my jail he'll make your next stop 20 days."

Our conversation drifted into funny experiences on trains when the traveler told me this one:

On one of my trips west from New Orleans on the train was a drummer for a California champagne concern and he had a grip full of bottles of the soothing beverage with him, but it was too warm to drink, and as the ice in the coolers had disappeared the day before we did not see that it would do us any good. Finally in disgust the drummer said he would give five dollars for a hunk of ice as big as his fist, and a sad-eyed, meek-looking man, dressed in black, who sat opposite to us, arose and left the car. In ten minutes he was back with a piece of ice and handed it over, for which he promptly received the five. We all had a few cold glasses of champagne together and enjoyed them very much, as it was intensely hot. A few hours later the drummer begged him to get him another

piece of ice, offered another five, and we got the ice. That night we asked him for some more and asked him where he was getting it, but he declined to tell and said he did not think he could get any more. But we all begged and he went out and came back with another piece. The next morning it was hotter than ever, and we went again to him and tried to induce him to get us another chunk. He said he was afraid he could not get any more, but after much persuasion on our part agreed to try once more. He went out of the car and was gone a half hour, when he came back shaking his head dismally and saying, "No, I cannot take any more ice off him, for if I do he will not keep until we get to Houston." Then he told us he had been selling us the ice out of the casket which contained the remains of his late father whom he was taking back home for burial. We didn't care for cold bottles for the rest of the trip.

The last night of my stay at the hotel a crowd, sitting by the stove, got to telling yarns and we made a night of it swapping fabrications, of which the following are a few samples that would make Ananias blush with shame:

Gen. Chaffee was once asked by a soldier to lend him a quarter.

"Didn't you receive your month's pay yesterday?" asked the General.

"Yes," said the veteran.

"Where's your money now?"

"Why I left the post and crossed the ferry with \$15.50. I met a friend, and we had dinner. The bill was \$8.00. Then I bought \$1.00 worth of cigars; then we went to the theatre for \$4.00. After theatre we went down to the Bowery and I spent \$2.00 there."

"That makes \$15.00," said the General. "What became of the other fifty cents?"

The old soldier seemed puzzled, and finally said:

"Why, I must have spent that foolishly."

Another told a good one:

He said he had known a girl for some months and during that time had been "rushing her" considerably. One night he ventured to kiss her and was called down good and hard.

"I had placed you on a pedestal and thought you were above such things as this," said the indignant young woman, "but you have fallen, and hereafter we shall meet as strangers."

"All right," sighed the young man; "but before I leave, never to speak to you again, I want to make just one request."

"And what is that?" asked the girl.

"That you get off my lap," said the young man.

There was a poet in the crowd and he sprung this one.

Play a game of Ping Pong,
Have a little chat,
Make a little candy fudge,
Then go get your hat.
Bid your lady-love "Good night"
While she holds her fan;
Isn't that a h—l of an evening
For a healthy man?

Everybody in the crowd applauded, for they had all been there; and the next prevaricator started in:

"The old maid principal of a New York school pays a regular weekly visit to each class-room and investigates personally the progress of the pupils. She entered the

second grade class-room a few days ago to find a fluffy-haired young teacher trying to explain the meaning of the word husband, with which the spelling class had been wrestling. The fluffy-haired teacher made a long explanation of the dictionary definition of the male party to a marriage contract, but none of the youngsters had grasped the problem. 'Well, now, children, suppose Miss——, the principal, were to get married, what would she have?' was the final resort of the young instructress. The spinster principal looked horrified, but none of the children ventured a guess. 'Can't you suppose what she would have?' encouraged the teacher. A small boy at the end of the line raised his hand timidly and then, gaining confidence in his knowledge, waved it frantically. 'Teacher, teacher, I know,' he announced. 'Well, Jacob, what would she have?' smiled the teacher. In the silence that followed the small boy's voice declared very solemnly: 'A kid.'"

Others were told as follows:

A former member of the Texas legislature, who had partaken quite freely, got the floor, and proceeded to discuss the questions involved in the temporary organization. Naturally his reasoning was not clear, and one of his friends, in a loud whisper, said to him: "Sit down, Judge, you don't know the difference between temporary and permanent. You are drunk." With an effort the Judge steadied himself, and with fine scorn replied: "Yesh, I'm drunk. Thash temporary. You're a d—d fool, that's permanent."

A sea captain belonging "way down East" had made such an exceptionally good voyage that his wife felt encouraged to ask him to purchase a piano with which to

beautify their house and exasperate their neighbors. He told her he was going to Boston with a view to buying one. This is his description of the one he thought would suit her: "Black walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, lined with white wood and maple riggings, steel wire double on the ratlines, and whipped wire on the tower stays and heavier cordage; belaying pins of steel, and well driven home; length of taffrail over all, six feet one inch; breadth of beam, thirty-eight inches; depth of hold, fourteen inches; hatches to be battened down, proof against ten-year-old boys, and ten-ton spankers, or can be clewed up on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

An old darkey, living near Nashville, has, according to his theory, been dying for many, many years. Notwithstanding his persistent belief that he is near death's door, this darkey, Isaac Botts by name, is apparently as well and able-bodied today as he was forty years ago.

Recently Isaac was seized with one of his "spells." A week or so passed, but Isaac, according to his own statement, grew no better. One day a neighbor in passing the Botts domicile chanced to observe Mrs. Botts standing at the gate.

"How is Ike this morning?" asked the neighbor.

"Only tol'able, only tol'able," replied Botts' better half, a weary expression coming into her face.

"That's too bad," responded the neighbor sympathetically. "I had hoped he would be well by this time. He is no worse?"

"No, he ain't no worse," went on the wife, dejectedly, "an' at the same time he ain't no better. It's allus dis

way: Fust he's worse an' den he's better. Den's he's worse agin. Allus dis way! 'Pon mah soul, honey, de ole man's been doin' dis way ever since I kin remember." Then after a long pause, as if in deep reflection, the darkey's wife added, in a plaintive tone:

"Honey, I do suhtany wish de ole man 'ud do some-thin' definite!"

A fellow who had once been a street car conductor in New York told this one:

The motormen and conductors of the East Side Street Car Company had held a meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon the superintendent of the line.

Having been admitted to his presence the spokesman of the committee, who had been selected on account of his oratorical ability, arose and said:

"Mr. Superintendent, this is not an application for an increase in wages. Neither is it a protest against unfair treatment. We are not here to threaten any strike and we haven't any grievance of sufficient importance to justify us in putting up a holler. Many of us, Mr. Superintendent, have been working for the company for years, and we hope to continue right along in its employ. What we have come to talk about is this: Christmas is only a few weeks away, and we think it ought to be a season of rejoicing for us the same as it is for other folks. We know, of course, we can't take any Christmas vacation. The line will be too busy then. But we think, with all due respect to the company, that something ought to be done to make us feel that we have some share in the Christmas holidays. It needn't be expensive. We're not asking for Christmas gifts. All we want is something to jolly us up—something that will make it seem as if we

were human beings and not simply little cogs and whirling thingumbobs in a big machine."

Then he sat down, and the superintendent, his eyes moist with generous emotion, made reply.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and employes of the East Side Street Car Company, I am glad you have taken this action. I rejoice in your loyalty to the company, and I sympathize heartily with the feelings and motives that have prompted you to come here today to prefer your modest request. It will be a sorry day for our country when employer and employed cannot come together and confer as man to man on such measures as may seem best for their mutual interests and mutual happiness. It gives me pleasure, therefore, to say to you, gentlemen, that the East Side Street Car Company has anticipated your request (murmurs of applause), and has decided already to give to each and all of you something in the nature of a Christmas present. You have sometimes complained among yourselves, and not without reason, of the shabby and cumbersome registers you have. It gives me the highest satisfaction to state, my fellow-employes of the East Side Street Car Company, that every car on the line will be equipped Christmas Day with a new and elegant register for recording fares! And before you go, gentlemen, I desire to take each and every one of you by the hand."

One of the crowd sprang a good one. He said:

"My mother was born in Ireland, my father was born in San Francisco, and I was born in New York."

"Funny how we all got together, wasn't it?"

Here is another told by one of the crowd:

A man in Texas was arrested for running away with

three sisters—triplets—and was placed on trial.

"You are a nice fellow," said the judge, as a preliminary.

"I know it, jedge; leastwise, that's what the gals said."

"What do mean by running away with three women and ruining the peace of a happy family?"

"I meant to marry 'em, jedge."

"Insatiate monster, would not one suffice?"

"Put it a little plainer, jedge."

"Wouldn't one have been enough?"

"It might look that er way to you, jedge, and did to me at fust; but you see there was three of 'em—kind of one set like."

"That doesn't count in law."

"Mebbe it don't, jedge; but them gals and me talked it over, and they was mighty attached to each other, and said it was a pity for me to take one of them triplets and break the set; so we just concluded to hang together, and I'll be durned if we wasn't a hangin' right out for Utah, and no mistake."

"The law does not recognize any such excuses."

"All right, old man; go ahead. There was three agin one, and if I have to suffer, I kin stand it; but I want to say right here, jedge, if any fool cuss breaks that set while I'm sufferin', I'll break his durned skull as shore as I am a dyin' sinner, and you can bet a rawhide on it."

The case was continued.

Another one told a story of an automobile. He said a young man went into an automobile salesroom and said:

"My brother bought an automobile here last week, and he says you told him if anything broke you'd supply a new part."

"Certainly," said the clerk; "what does he want?"

"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of knee-pans, one elbow, and about half a yard of cuticle," said the man, "and he wants 'em right away!"

A rather good story was related by one of the party. The speaker said that a certain individual had expressed a desire to become associated with the Masonic order, and asked if it was true that a member could travel the world over free of cost, merely by giving one of the many secret signs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said that if his Masonic friend would confidentially give him a sign that would take him to New Orleans and return, without being required to purchase transportation, he would join the order.

The friend, something of a wag, instructed the candidate to raise his hand to the right side of the head whenever the conductor approached him for his ticket, and learning the train he was going to take, purchased the transportation, explained matters to the conductor of the train and awaited developments. The candidate for Masonic honors followed instructions, and all went well, of course, until he was coming back. As no return ticket had been provided for, he was forced to pay his fare.

Naturally this made him angry, and upon meeting the friend he was not in the least backward in denouncing him and the order.

"Did you follow the sign instructions I gave you?" was asked.

"I did," was the reply.

"What did you do coming back?"

"I placed my hand on the right side of the head and wriggled my fingers."

"That's where you made a mistake. You were returning, and should have wriggled on the left side."

He subsequently relented and became a member of the order.

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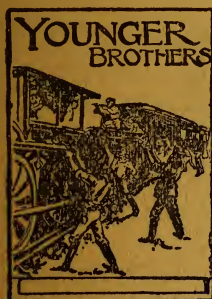
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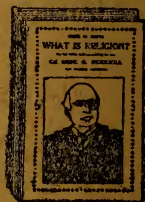
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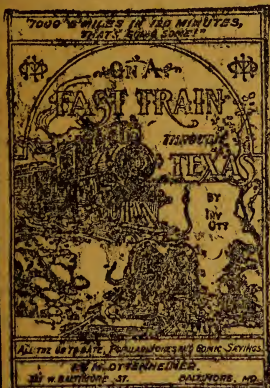
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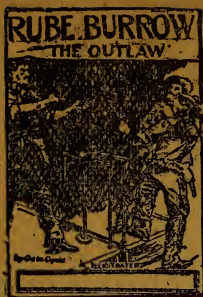
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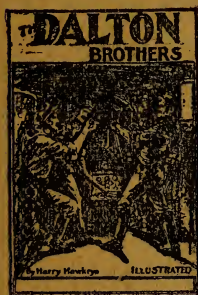
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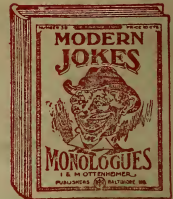
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